

52,  
Tavistock Square,  
W.C.1.

Telephone : Museum 2621.

Have a card for our display, but I don't advise  
you to come.

Will you come to tea on Monday?  
But don't let Eddy know, or F. Hill.

On the other hand, let me know —  
Come, because I want a letter just

please.

And Mary Poem. Lehmann  
engaged.

527.5

Yes, come at 5.30 to begin & return at 7.30 to  
Dine. (That is a poem - a lyric) I think) But  
poetry is far from my thoughts. I have to  
break a sad piece of news to you.

Potto is dead.

For about a month (you have not been for a month<sup>2</sup>?)  
I ate his Dublin from you (last visit) I have watched him  
fading. First his coat lost lustre; then he refused  
visitors; finally gray. When I asked him

What ailed him he sighed, but made no answer.

The other day coming unexpectedly into the room, I found  
him weeping <sup>away</sup> a tear. He still maintained unbroken

Mina, Last night it was clear that the end was coming.  
I sat with him holding his paw in mine & feeling felt  
the pulse grow feebler. At 7.45 he breathed deeply.  
I bent over him. I just caught was able to distinguish  
the following words — "Tell Mr. Nick that I love her . . .  
She has forgotten me. But I forgive her & . . . (here he  
C'd. hardly think) die . . . of . . . a . . . broken . . . heart"  
He then expired.

And so that I very soon. Just off to spend Sunday  
with the Waterlorn Oh my God — my father.  
And Mr. Nick has deserted us.

Oh no I don't suppose we shall live alone; because I must  
see you — must, must, must.

Mark Thwaite Tuesday

Oh dear what a bore, & more, this that you are still  
so bad. Are you taking any steps about it - seeing  
an osteopath, or a surgeon, or having treatment?

These sort of feelings are a nuisance, I know; but  
it seems such a wearisome long time, to lie in pain  
on one's back, occasionally putting to one's elbow -

That I suppose Harold & Doty are as the look &  
cut, & it remains for me merely to curse.

I have been frightfully knocked up with headache

(liver I suppose; a dose of Calomel is what I want)  
& therefore can't suggest at the moment coming; but  
I'm much better today, & shall be cured by Thursday  
completely. Let me know if you'd like me to  
come. We would drive over.

London became the usual fear-mill. I don't  
see much about in London in July without

Kila, & Potts & Spiring. But you're right -  
he's not dead. I brought him home - but him on  
the terrace - he showed plenty - today he's

huddled on over, just what I happened to have  
by me. And it's roasting hot. This I hope

may follow down your line: involve the knot.

There's a million things to say, & I have little control  
of what passes for my pen. What about Mary?

I had not heard. Nana seems to think Olive's eyes  
rather bad, but so wrought in mystery, because he won't  
say what's wrong if indeed he knows, that she can't  
tell how bad they are. I'm going on the river in my  
boat & out to sea - no tilyhands for me. We take

photographs which develop our hope of mist  
involubly from one end of the film to another  
Sibyl has invited herself to stay: George & Margaret  
themselves to lunch. Ethel which would me like in  
circulating handkerchief, so far miraculously averted from  
this actual roof. Leonard Womach has conveyed to her  
that he does not like her. Yes yes: I am still

unfortunately attached to the woman I never see: the  
vision in the fishmonger's shop. I was thinking of that - I am  
the other night, & wondering if there was a purpose in it  
Tank, or whether that was merely an emanation of you -  
when is your play being done? Are you waiting it? 15  
your fortune made? What about Harold & Mosley?  
But don't write if it hurts. I will write. A spare room is  
always ready for you. V.

Monday

52 T.S.

Poor poor anglic creature - I'm desolated to think of you  
racked, not moving, in bed, full of cramps, with-  
perhaps a book or a glass or your pocket handkerchief  
out of reach, & Louise banging about next door.  
Potter's last wish by the way was that I should  
send you a jar of canaries to be eaten in his  
memory. So take it thus, Cat. slowly with tears.  
Here's my half brother on paps (the 3<sup>rd</sup> lady  
he's sent me). Life's a bad business - all

hurry & not & nothing for my best against my work.  
I think of you as I sit aching with my eyes blazing  
cut fine in a top light. Not as bad as the  
Lumbago, I say to myself. Not almost.

I hear A.P.S. has beaten the Edwardians.  
& now if it's a play, with van on & on. Oh &  
cut at the profits - did <sup>NYPL</sup> I tell you? - I've  
bought a boat & a camera. Such are the  
pleasures in shower. Yes - any day  
we shall have a share room: so let me know.  
Or I will come over. Just off V.

Aug 8. 1931

①

~~The~~ Saturday. Maudie Moore.

well, I'm hugely pleased to hear that you're up, even if you look like a  
Cockcrow. But please don't do it again. Don't think the antiquity  
of your complaint requires a method like an old forefinger. Please  
get your muscle replaced. Go to a doctor. Yes; I know how this  
annoys you in the life of Dotty a Harold, but not in my life,  
what you love. I cured myself with only one day in bed. And  
I thought I should be there 3. But I find, after 25 years, that  
to be still, flat, silent, dark, instantly, is a perfect cure, &  
might have saved me years, had I done it ages ago. And then  
I should have written more books. But I rather doubt that one wants  
more books (when Hugh, who's new book is being given me by the  
author in a day or two) But what I was saying was yes, yes,  
for God's sake come. Come on Wednesday not Tuesday,  
as early as you can, & stay the night - the Chartist night - We have a



8 AUG 31

Mr. H.

Mr. H. Nicholson  
Lang Barn  
Weald  
Sevenoaks  
Kent

mint anything to say to you - about Eddy for one thing, who says if we will  
pay his fare he will come to England, stay here, & sign his books. Then  
there's a French Duchess - I always talk to you about Duchesses - who  
wrote me on the telephone. Clement-Tonnerre. But I've warned her off  
for the time. As for Katherine, think you've got it very nearly right.  
We did not ever coalesce; but I was fastidiously, & the respectful, only?  
thought her cheap, & she thought me prigish; & yet we were both compelled to  
meet simply in order to talk about writing. This we did by the hour. Only  
then she came out with a swarm of little stories, & I was jealous, no  
doubt; because they were so praised; but gave up reading them not on  
that account, but because of their cheap sharp sentimentality, which was all the  
more, I thought, because she had, as you say, the zest & the veronana -  
mean she could permeate me with her quality; & I felt this  
cheap sent in it, it reeked in our nostrils. But I must read her  
some day. Also, she was forever hurried by her dying; & had to press on  
through stages that should have taken years in ten minutes - so that our  
relationship became unreal also. And there was Murray Seymour  
MURRY

NYPL

& oozing a sort of thick motor oil in the background — I mean  
 when there were about the most unpleasant ~~be~~ exhibition  
 humanly breaking, I've ever been to — But the  
 fact remains — I mean, that she had a quality I adored, &  
 needed; I think her sharpness & reality — her having  
 knocked about with prostitutes & so on, whereas I had  
 always been respectable — was the thing I wanted then.  
 I dream of her often — now that's an odd reflection — her  
 one's relation with a person seems to be ~~as~~ continued  
 after death in dreams, & with some odd reality too.

But why be ashamed of wanting a garden & poets? What's  
 there to be proud of in that sort, & daily paper?

I assure you — only the boat is joining. I have no time  
to think what it is that I assure you of — <sup>that</sup> ~~but~~ one  
walk here fills my poor old head with a sense  
as much natural happiness as I never get on  
whole summer in London. And you, being a  
boat — O how I wish I were! — You being a  
boat have no use for the <sup>NYPL</sup> odd & end. The  
trask, the fragments, the general confusion —  
vibration which I can make myself believe I  
find in London. If I were you, I would lie on a  
bank all day & make one phrase — for Virginia  
Potts is doubtably better.  
V.